

"TO THINK OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS THE

NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN."

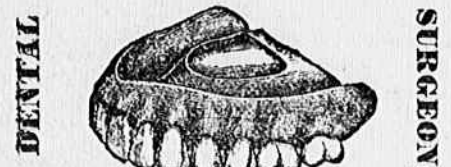
BY KEITH, HOYT & CO.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1870.

VOLUME V.—NO. 33.

Professional Cards.

C. G. SIMMONS,



An Alumnus of the Baltimore Dental College.

I HAVE LATELY provided myself with the finest and most elegant material, and I am prepared to execute any kind of work pertaining to my profession, in the most durable and magnificent style. All operations on the teeth, and contiguous parts, rendered absolutely painless, by various anesthetics, &c., &c.

Persons needing any work in my line will please call and examine my specimens.

Office opposite J. C. Carters' Store.
Feb. 18, 1870

J. H. WHITNER. WHITNER SYMMES.

WHITNER & SYMMES,
Attorneys at Law,WALHALLA, S. C.
Office on the Public Square. "58
February 1, 1870
S. MCGOWAN. R. A. THOMPSON,
Abbeville, S. C. Walhalla, S. C.MCGOWAN & THOMPSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,WALHALLA, S. C.
Will give prompt attention to all business confided to them in the State, County, and United States Courts.OFFICE IN THE COURT HOUSE.
The junior partner, Mr. Thompson, will also practice in the Courts of Pickens, Greenville and Anderson.
January, 1870
JOSEPH J. NORTON,
Attorney at Law,

WALHALLA, S. C.

All business for Pickens County left with
J. E. HAGOOD, ESQ.,
PICKENS C. H.,
WILL BE PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
October 26, 1868
J. P. REED. W. C. KEITH,
Anderson C. H. Walhalla.REED & KEITH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAWSolicitors in Equity,
Have renewed their Co-partnership in the practice of Law, and extended it to all Civil and Criminal business in the Counties of Oconee and Pickens.ALSO,
ALL BUSINESS IN THE UNITED STATES COURTS.
Office on Public Square, Walhalla, S. C.
July 18, 1869.
S. D. GOODLETT,
Attorney at LawAND
SOLICITOR IN EQUITY,
HAS LOCATED
AT THE
NEW TOWN OF PICKENS, S. C.

Nov. 10, 1868

EASLEY & MCBEE,
Attorneys at Law, &c.,WILL PRACTICE IN THE
Courts of the Eighth Circuit.
OFFICE AT NEW PICKENS.W. K. EASLEY. F. B. MCBEE,
Greenville C. H. Pickens C. H.
March 16, 1869
ALX. S. ERWIN. O. C. BENTLY,
Athens, Ga. Clayton, Ga.ERWIN & BENTLY,
Attorneys at Law,WILL PRACTICE IN PARTNERSHIP
IN THE COUNTY OF RABUN,
STATE OF GEORGIA.
Oct 5, 1869.

Medical Notice.

THE undersigned having permanently established himself at Walhalla, offers his Professional services to the citizens and community at large, for the practice of Medicine in all of its branches. He will be found at all times at his office at his residence, near Dr. Norman's Drug Store, ready and willing to give prompt attention to all calls.

JAMES M. SLOAN, M. D.
WALHALLA, S. C., Sept. 18, 1869.

POETRY.

Youth and Age.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of life and thought as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
Its own unequalled pure romance;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And could each tell his tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evanescent
More passion, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale of olden time.
Yes! they could tell of tender lays,
Of days more bright in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
And maids more fair than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear,
Our modern lips to give or speak;
Of passion too untimely crossed;
Of passion slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits, early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade!

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And limbs that have all passed away,
And left them what we see them now!
And is it thus—human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must youth's brightest visions move
Forever on Time's restless wings?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are earth's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us?

Dottings by the Way.

Correspondence of the Keowee Courier.
VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA TERR.,
May 5th, 1870.

DEAR COURIER: We arrived at this place, 11 o'clock, a. m., this morning. Left Corinne, Utah Territory, at 4 o'clock, a. m., on 2d instant—distance, 380 miles. Paid stage fare, \$60, and for each meal, after the first station on the road, paid \$1.50, and for the first and best, at Bear River Bridge, paid \$1. This station is twenty miles from Corinne. From this place to Malad, the capital of Oueda County, Idaho—distance about fifty miles from Corinne—the Mormon settlements are very numerous, along the Bear River valley and several canyon valleys we pass. The town has about 600 inhabitants, most of them of the "Josephite" persuasion, and their belief is in all the Mormon doctrines, except polygamy—pretty good saints, then, for our atmosphere, eh? The lands we don't call good, by any means, and the evidences of thrift, pleasure and happiness don't strike us very powerfully. Their lands have to be irrigated to raise even their most important crop, which is the carrot; their wood is obtained from the snow-capped mountains surrounding them, being chiefly the dwarf cedar; their houses, if that can be called their name, are either made from these cedars or stone, or dug in the ground. They present the appearance of dirt cabins, are all daubed, and covered with stone and clay—poles being first laid over to support the covering, and, generally, don't leak till after the rain ceases, or the snow begins to melt, a matter of no inconvenience to the inhabitants, it seems, as they then can find it pleasant outside.

We are now in the Basin of the Rocky Mountains and Salt Lake. The waters from this region and to the Summit, a few miles beyond Malad, run into Salt Lake. After crossing the Summit, we enter the valley of the Shoshone or Snake River. We find no farms now. The mountains near us, all along the route, are covered with snow from one to three feet deep; but, in the valley, vegetation is springing up. We crossed the Ruddy and Portneus Creeks, stopping at stage stations, Root Hog Camp and Lobber's Roost—the name of the latter is taken from the many robberies committed near by this secluded spot, by the "Road Agents," and then secreted themselves in the mountains along the Portneus. We cross Ross Fork and Snake River, and just here, in the "Snake and Bear Indian Reservation," and said to be the best part of Idaho. We see many of the "noble red men" around; they are, and always have been, the friend of the whites, and are farming a little and hunting "much." See the elk, moose, white and black-tailed deer, antelope, wolves, wolverines, bear, and any other kind of a skin or peltry you want to amongst them. Just before we passed along the Sweetwater country, in Wyoming Territory, some of these Indians, in conjunction with the whites, killed seven of the Arapahoe tribe, amongst them a chief of said tribe, called "Black Bear." The Arapahoe tribe are treacherous, and had killed some miners near Sweetwater valley. The Snakes and Arapahoes are enemies—the latter object to the former hunting in their country and killing their "cows," as they call the Buffalo.

We crossed the Snake River at Taylor's, at Eagle Rock Station. Travelling up said river about twelve miles, we ascend the Range of Mountains, and travel, for twenty miles, to Sand Hole Station. The country very rocky, and the mountains we find not misnamed. Some dwarf timber along, and the sage brush here the largest we have seen—eight or ten feet high. Had supper at this place; the landlady informed us that he had hauled most of his wood twenty miles. No farms along here—not a vestige of vegetation—not a garden or patch; not a fence in all this region, except a few poles around the corral or cattle lots. Leaving this station, we soon enter Pleasant Valley. Going down

Beaver Creek Canyon, the country very mountainous, and the snow very deep—snowed on us all night; and just along here we saw the graves of two Chinamen who froze to death on the 17th of March last. The sleigh-driver broke the tongue out of his sleigh, turning it over; his horses became unmanageable, and before he got them pacified and returned to the wreck, the Chinamen had travelled off, lost their way, and were frozen in the snow, it being six or eight feet deep. The waters of the Snake River and its tributaries flow into the Columbia River, in Oregon—the "Webb-foot State."

Leaving Pleasant Valley Station, we soon ascend to the summit of the divide between the Columbia River waters and the Missouri River or Big Muddy, and begin to descend the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. Allow us to say, that the coldest and strongest wind that ever blew upon us, did it just here, (the snow was several feet deep upon the mountains,) and if the trial, in "Asop's Fables," between "Old Sol" and the "wind," had been made here, we think the wind would have won. We soon reach Red Rock Creek and valley, the head waters of the Jefferson River—a beautiful but barren region, the cactus or prickly pear, sage brush and grease wood abounding. No habitations, except the stage stations, and perhaps a shop, selling "valley tan" alius whiskey, sugar, canned fruits and oysters, and mustard. At Red Rock Station is the junction of the Carson road and the main stage road to Virginia City and Helena—all turnpike or toll roads. A tragedy, arising from these toll roads, was enacted a few days before we passed along: It seems, a man by the name of Murphy was the owner of the main stage road, and the county commissioners, of Oueda County, had determined to reduce his exorbitant tolls. Murphy said that he intended to kill them for it, and that he intended to kill the Sheriff if he interfered with him, &c. Seeing the Sheriff in Malad, went up to him and shot him, the ball only making a flesh wound in the arm, perhaps; the Sheriff, being unarmed, made at Murphy; took the pistol from him, and shot him. Consequence—Murphy is collecting his toll on that road upon which no traveller has a "return ticket."

We cross Big Hole, (or, as Lewis and Clark, the first pioneers, called it, Wisdom River,) then Beaver River head, at Bryant's Station, and at this station, find good farming region and plenty of hay, stock, and all the evidences of civilization, thrift, peace and plenty. Road running down Beaver Head River to Passia Maria or Stinking Water, down that valley, crossing Wisconsin Creek, we arrive at Morier's Junction, Montana Territory. We entered the Territory about the time we reached Beaver Head River. Talking, after breakfast, the "jerkey," or hack, we set out with Messrs. Metzel, of Nevada City, and C. H. Peck, of Omaha, for this place, first passing Sherman Store and Post office, on Wisconsin Creek—pretty region, but generally, along the road, the only thing in the shape of vegetation is the cactus, sweet sage and grass; on the mountains, not far off, much dwarf cedar. This section is more like Iowa than we have seen—the valley prairies, undulating foot hill and general appearance being somewhat similar. We should have said, in the proper place, that at Morier's, the roads leading to Highland or Red Mountain, Rochester and Deer Lodge, intersect the stage road, &c.

From Sherman we soon enter Alder Gulch, near where Alder Creek makes its junction with the Passia Marias or Stinking Water Creek, and see the mining flumes, ditches and many hands at work, principally our Celestial friends. We soon reach Doby Town, Nevada City, and two miles more, reach this place, the capital of the Territory, situated amongst the hills and mountains, now covered with snow—has about 1,000 inhabitants. The Capitol is not yet put up. The city is pretty lively, has several good hotels, some fine stores, &c. We had made the run to this place to see a friend of our earlier days. Arriving here, found he had moved seventy miles away. We concluded to take the 6 o'clock "jerkey," and go back to Morier's Junction. Arrived at Morier's 104 p. m.—distance, thirty miles—finding a pleasant place for the night. At 2 o'clock, p. m., took stage for Helena City, passed down the Jefferson Valley eighteen miles, to Jefferson Bridge Station—several stores and postoffice here. Crossed the river on fine bridge three hundred feet long, and just here Lewis and Clark had a winter station and fort in their travels, exploring this country. Old arms and other relics are still found in this region, and 'tis said, a "living relic," if such a thing can be, may be seen now, in an old Indian half-breed squaw, claiming paternity under said Lewis. We soon leave the Jefferson, cross Fish Creek, a beautiful clear stream. We should have mentioned before, that we passed very near the Silver Star mining region and Silver Star cities, along the Jefferson; and the works in this region keep the Jefferson very muddy.

Leaving Fish Creek, we pass through the prettiest country we have seen, and our impression is that no landscape has ever been drawn that can half way equal it. No conception can give the most faint idea of its beauty; the only drawback is the want of water.

We pass a region called the Race Paths, level and just now robbing itself in "living green," and the mountains around covered with snow, gives an unique and picturesque view of nature in all its beauty and loveliness. Here we saw the Curlew, in great numbers, the best fowl in the West, almost, for eating. We saw along here almost what we had heard of, as common with the Owl, Prairie dog and Badlands; that they made their homes to-

gether, &c. We saw the Owl and Prairie dog in same home, but did not see the snake. Perhaps the snake was out after water, as that seems to be a question here, whether or not they use water, and if so, how obtained. Their food is the cactus principally, which abounds in this valley or basin. Just along here we cross the Pipe Stone Creek, and near by is our supper house, kept by Mr. Brooks, formerly of Missouri, and a Brick Pomeroy Democrat, and consequently, from that and other many and good evidences, lead us to think him a gentleman of culture, and the prince of good hosts. His house is new and well arranged, framed and painted white. Leaving here a little while before night, we are soon going down the Boulder Creek Canyon. We see some farms along here, plenty of wood—cedar and the Balm of Gilead generally. The road is good, though mountainous, and often the driver would politely request us to "walk some, gentlemen," which we invariably, good humoredly did, though he had six of the finest horses always to his coaches, with our number, ten passengers and their baggage, made them a pretty fair load. As the moon was shining so brightly, our little walks were most pleasant, and our cosmopolitan party most agreeable—perhaps if the ladies had accompanied us it would have been more pleasant, but we awarded them their seats and inclinations, &c. We soon pass over the divide to the Prickly Pear Gulch and town, &c. Great deal of mining all along this region. The country is beautiful, and pleasant to ride through.

About 6 o'clock, a. m., on 7th we arrived at Helena City, St. Louis Hotel, had our breakfast and arranged our wardrobe and hair, and set out to hunt up our kin and friends. Very soon find them—L. M. S. in his office at work, the Doctor had gone to hunt us up, had heard of our arrival, soon found us, and with our baggage, took us over to his beautiful residence, and we find his lady and little Turner Ashby, his jewels, and in their hospitable home we feel that we are almost at "our own home."

HELENA, May 8th.

We have now hurriedly and poorly written up our trip to this place, and after looking around, will write you again in a day or so.

The celebrated "Old Pine tree," we saw as we entered the suburbs of the city, upon which have, ere this, seen that the madmen and robbers were taken from the Sheriff and hanged. It is now the general topic, the Sheriff not blamed, and the people sustain the tragic act. More anon,

Yours, &c., G.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—A very important decision was made on Wednesday, by his Honor Judge Bryan, in the District Court, sitting in bankruptcy. The question was whether discharges in bankruptcy could be granted, unless the assets of the bankrupt should pay fifty per cent. of the debts.

The 33d section of the Bankrupt Act of 1867 provided, that in cases commenced prior from the time the Act went into operation, no discharge should be granted, unless the assets of the debtor should pay fifty per centum of the claims against his estate, unless the assets in writing of a majority in number and value of the creditors who had proved should be had. His Honor Judge Bryan has decided that the Act of Congress of 27th of July, 1868, had modified the Act of 1867, so that it is not necessary that the assets should pay fifty per centum, but that they should be equal to fifty per centum of the claims proved.

This view was presented to the court by Messrs. Simmons & Simmons, and Messrs. Manning, Jervey & Puckney, as the true reading of the statutes; and Judge Bryan, after hearing the argument, decided that that construction was right, and granted the discharge.

It will thus be seen that many debtors who have been restrained from applying for the benefit of the Bankrupt Act since 31st December, 1868, upon the generally received opinion that a discharge could not be had unless their assets should pay fifty per centum of their debts, can enjoy its advantages if their assets be equal to fifty per cent. of their debts.

SOUTH CAROLINA BONDS.—PRICES GOING UP.—The New York Herald, of Tuesday, says: "The agent of the State of South Carolina in this city gives notice that, in accordance with instructions received from the commissioner of the sinking fund of that State, he will receive proposals for the sale of \$100,000 of South Carolina bonds or stock, this action being the first step toward the gradual extinction of the State debt, which in all is about \$45,000,000. The bonds in the market at the Stock Exchange to-day were firm at improved prices. The following were the closing prices: South Carolina sixes 93 @94; do. new 83@83½; do. registered stock 85@90.

Men take us by the hand, and are anxious about the health of our bodies, and laugh at our jokes, and we really think, like the fly on the wheel, that we have something to do with the turning of the earth. The sun does not stop for our funeral; everything goes as usual; we are not missed on the streets; one or two hearts feel the wounds of affection; one or two members still hold our names and forms; but the crowd moves in the daily circle, and in three days the great wave of time sweeps over our steps and washes out the last vestige of our lives.

Why do not the Radical papers print the scathing articles of their own organ, the Nation, which declares the present government of South Carolina to be "a disgrace to civilization?"

A Remarkable History.

The Chicago Times of April 20th says that previous to the war, their residence near Baltimore a wealthy planter, named Daniel Ostler. He owned hundred of slaves, a large weaving-mill, and many good acres, and was worth in the neighborhood of half a million of dollars. About 15 years ago his wife died, leaving to his care two children—a son named Jacob a daughter named Hannah. Both were sent to school, the son to a well known college in New Jersey, and then the daughter to St. Mary's academy, near Washington. With the prodigal hand of a too-fond parent, their wants were lavishly supplied, and, as an inevitable result, Jacob grew to be a fast and extravagant, though not really a vicious, young man. Wealthy, generous, talented, and handsome, he was one of those whom society recks for, flatters, and does all it can to spoil.

The war broke out, and Mr. Ostler's negroes were among the first to taste the delights of freedom. The fact he was a kind master and a pronounced unionist availed him nothing, and he was soon left without a man to board upon his plantation or manage his mill. Jacob at once withdrew from the gates of society, and went nobly to work for his father. With a few of the old slaves who could be induced to return, the wheels were again in motion, and the soil yielded up its wealth as before.

In 1863, another blow fell upon the unfortunate family. The daughter, who had been visiting friends, at Harper's Ferry, was returning via the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, when the train was thrown down a steep embankment, and several of the passengers killed, among them Miss Ostler. This grievous affliction was speedily followed by another. A band of rebel cavalry made an incursion into that region, leaving ruin in their wake. Mr. Ostler's house was burned, his fine blooded horses stolen, and the premises despoiled of almost everything of value that could be taken away or destroyed. The blow fell with a crushing weight upon the old man, who was thus reduced from opulence to penury, and in the spring of 1864 he followed his daughter to the grave.

Having disposed of the ruined plantation for a small fraction of its former value, Jacob Ostler removed to Minnesota, where he started a store, but in a few years his generous, confiding disposition, and his total want of experience in trade, left him nothing but hopeless debts. He then resolved to seek a living in this city. Arriving here about one week since, he made diligent search for employment suited to his taste and capacity. In this he failed, and when hunger had left him no option, he accepted a situation as a waiter at the Tremont house at a salary of \$12 per week.

Last evening a guest of the hotel was surprised to recognize in the servant who was taking his order, a young man whom he had known as a leader of society in the most aristocratic city of the union, and the son of a planter of immense wealth. The recognition was mutual, but it was sometime before the victim of fortune's maddest caprices could find voice to narrate to his old friend the sad facts given above.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Do trees talk? Have they not leafy lungs? do they not at sunrise, when the wind is low, and the birds are caroling their songs play sweet music? Who has ever heard the soft whispers of the green leaves in the Spring time on a sunny morning, who did not feel as though rainbow gleams of gladness were running through his heart? And then, when the peach blossoms hang like rubies from the stem of the parent tree—when the morning glory, like a man before the shrine of God, unfolds her beautiful face, and the moss rose opens her crimson lips, sparkling with the nectar that falls from heaven, who does not bless his Maker?—When Autumn comes—the season of the "sere and yellow leaf"—when the wheat is in its golden prime, and the corn waves its silken tassels in the air how those who think, bow and remember the reaper Death! And then again in Winter, when the bosom of Old Mother Earth is cold, and the white snow, like a shroud, lies on her breast, and the naked trees, with leaves all bare, stand quivering in the wind?

The Confederate Gen. D. H. Hill insists that the rebellion was suppressed by Southern men. His argument turns in this way: "The first repulse was inflicted at Mill Springs, by Thomas, of Virginia. The first confidence inspired in the demoralized army of Bull Run, was owing to the generalship of Ord, of Maryland, at Drainesville. When two thirds of the Federal army had been scattered at Chickamauga, Thomas, of Virginia, stood like a rock in the ocean, against which the waves dash and fume and fret in vain. Had it not been for the stubborn resistance of this one man, and he a Virginian, Chickamauga would have been a complete Federal rout and the Southern Confederacy an established fact at this hour. Blair, Canby, Crittenden, Alexander and Nelson, were born in Kentucky. Northern writers tell us that the latter saved Grant from annihilation at Shiloh. Thomas, Newton and Cooke are Virginians. Ord and Sykes are Marylanders. The most successful of all the navy heroes was David G. Farragut, of Tennessee, Dupont, of slaveholding Delaware, and Goldsborough, of Maryland, made the first lodgment on the Atlantic coast."

A queer wedding took place a few days ago in New York city, where a father and son married a mother and daughter, the strange part of it being that the father married the daughter and the mother married the son.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, May 26.—The House bill repealing the law of New Mexico exempting real estate from execution, but exempting \$1,000 homestead, was passed.

The Northern Pacific Railroad bill was resumed. Several amendments of charter crippling the enterprise were defeated. The bill, as it came from the Senate, will undoubtedly pass without amendment.

In the Senate, an application from the Knights Templar for loans at ten per cent. reported in a joint resolution, meeting with objection, went over.

The action on the North Pacific Railroad is the result of a compromise, which, it is asserted, secures a liberal railroad bill this session.

The river harbor bill reported to-day gives the upper Mississippi for dredging and removing snags \$36,000; Rock Island Rapids \$150,000; Illinois River \$100,000; mouth of the Mississippi \$300,000; mouth of St. John's, Fla., \$5,000; falls of the Ohio \$250,000; Mississippi, Missouri and Arkansas Rivers \$150,000; Ohio River \$50,000; Mississippi above the falls at St. Anthony \$50,000; Tennessee River \$40,000; Galveston Harbor \$25,000; and authorizes the Secretary of War to make many surveys in the Southern waters.

In the Senate a bill to aid in carrying mails between the United States and the west coast of South America was reported. It gives \$31,000 to the North American Steamship Company for each round voyage between New York and Valparaiso via Panama. A bill was also reported requiring the New Orleans, Mobile and Chattanooga Railroad to maintain a drawbridge over the channel of Great Ricket. It makes the width of the draw 150 feet.

The appropriation bill was continued, and an amendment adopted limiting newspaper publications of laws to important measures. It was agreed to dispose of the bill and amendments to-morrow.

In the House, a joint resolution granting additional subsidies and right to mortgage land and road to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company was passed without amendment.

The Committee of Conference on a bill to enforce the fifteenth amendment reported. After debate, it was agreed to vote to-morrow. Better having returned, it is supposed the Georgia question will be resumed.

WHAT MAKES A MAN.—A Baltimore Preamble says:

It is neither physical nor intellectual development that makes man. That was not a man who went from this city last week to pound a fellow creature for a thousand dollars. He had the muscle and limbs, and all the outward parts of a man. But if the man had been in the frame, he would never have trained himself to become a brute.

That is not a man who is owned by a bank account, or he who has let all his life run into his learning or his art. The man is the man moral, not the man carnal. Moral and spiritual qualities are they alone that make man. Riches do not do it. Society does not do it. Learning nor industry. These get up great shams, things men covet or yield to. These usurp the place and privilege of men, but just as well might the mags of rags and straw in a cornfield set up a claim to manhood—they are not men.

BOUQUETS.—The following may be of interest to some of our fair readers, and perhaps some of our nice young men might be benefited by it:

When you receive a bouquet sprinkle it lightly with fresh water; then put it in a vessel containing soap-suds; this will nutify the stem and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning and lay it sideways (the stock entering first) into clean water. Keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water; replace it in the soap-suds, and it will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soap-suds need changing every three or four days. By observing these rules a bouquet may be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month, and will last still longer in a very passable water, the amount of time it remains, as directed above must be observed, or all will perish.

Life is like a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perishes if one be dried.—It is that parts asunder if one be broken. Thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers which makes it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day sufficient to crush the decaying tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth and the atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life are impregnated with death. Health is made to operate its own destruction. The food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying at first tend to wear it out by its own action. Death lurks in ambush along our paths.

A Western lawyer, better known for his wit than his regularity of life, was at odds with a clergyman of the town in which he lived, who was in the habit of making personal attacks upon people from his pulpit. One Sunday, when somewhat top-heavy, he strolled into the clergyman's church, and leaned against a pillar, listening to his antagonist, who, seeing him, addressed him by name, and said, "I will bear witness against thee at the day of judgment." "Friends," said the attorney, "I have practiced law for twenty years, and have always found the worst reason the first to turn States evidence."